The COMMONWEAL

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War Aims Taking Form

THAT the general war aims of the United Nations are beginning to take shape is indicated by the recent, most eloquent addresses of Vice President Wallace and Under-Secretary Welles. The time for such formulation could hardly be more propitious, coinciding as it does with the favorable turn in prospects for the Allied forces. And the vision these speeches set forth for the post-war world is of the sort to arouse great hopes among the millions who are fighting, working, planning and praying for a just and lasting peace.

In his talk before the Free World Association, May 8, Vice-President Wallace used a number of revealing phrases such as: "a people's peace"; "the Four Freedoms of this people's revolution"; the coming "century of the common man"; "the people's century." His conception of the peace we are fighting for is a deeply religious one, for "the idea of freedom—the freedom that we in the United States know and love so well—is derived from the Bible with its extraordinary emphasis on the dignity of the individual." Accordingly the peace envisioned embodies a far better standard of living for the common man, particularly in such impoverished lands as China, India and Latin America, but also for everyone, including the peoples of Germany, Italy and Japan. Economically undeveloped countries are no longer to be exploited but rather enabled to increase their own productivity and thus pay back whoever supplies the wherewithal to begin their economic rehabilitation. It is the vision of a world of comparative plenty—a humanly decent minimum—for all, with monopolies abrogated for the benefit of all mankind, economic warfare ended in the common interest, inventions utilized for the benefit of everyone. It is inescapable now that economically at least the world is a single entity; it cannot stand the tensions of extreme inequalities in standards of living or of struggles for raw materials and markets. The world Mr. Wallace envisions is an eminently practical ideal.

The Memorial Day speech of Mr. Welles continues in much the same tenor. At one point it states, "Discrimination between peoples because of their race, creed or color must be abolished. The age of imperialism is ended." The United Nations are to provide the nucleus for a new world organization and the United States has already approached our allies on the question of building up the world-wide distribution of purchasing power and material goods to make "Freedom from Want" a reality. Much of the Under-Secretary's speech dealt with important political considerations. One objective is to punish those directly responsible for the present war (not to brand any nation or nations as guilty); another is to disarm all potential aggressors. In the newspapers most attention was directed to the proposal to maintain order by international police power until a system of general security is firmly established. Here the new world organization would determine the final peace terms. Finally, Mr. Welles would have the Pan-American cooperation which has received such an impetus from the war continued and intensified.

The similarity is striking between the principles enunciated by these two leading government spokesmen and the Wilsonian ideals formally enunciated ten months before the conclusion of the last war. The first five of the 14 Points place a greater emphasis on the rights of nations than of peoples or human persons, but they do call for removal of economic barriers, equality of trade conditions, disarmament and adjustment of colonial claims in the interest of the native peoples. Mr. Wallace and Mr. Welles were once again stating—in their own words—how to "make the world safe for democracy." Is there good reason to believe that there is any better chance this time of such ideals coming to genuine fruition?

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There is first and foremost the bitter lesson of the mistakes of the past 20 years—and the two speeches take marked cognizance of that lesson. There is far less emphasis in the new preliminary blue prints on the vain attempts to turn back the clock and maintain the *status quo*. The development of air power makes the maintenance of international police power considerably more practical.

And then by the same token the powers of destruction have so intensified that perhaps the human instinct of self-preservation can in the last analysis be counted on to motivate the juster conditions and the more effective institutions that would prevent a third world conflict. The gulf between objectives and fulfilment is a vast one, while the practical political, economic and social difficulties are legion. Yet once the United Nations sincerely hold out to the peoples of the world a worthy and workable peace program—and never themselves forget or let others forget these basic objectives—a primary phase of our world battle is half won.

The Rub

SUCH pleasing thoughts and hopes are rather brutally disturbed by the known existence of a far more definite set of war aims, about which no words have been minced, yet little has been written—the aims of Soviet Russia. The gentlemen of the Kremlin are hard-boiled, almost bullet-headed. Springing from a party and a régime wildly and even perversely idealist, they themselves are more down to earth than the most earthy peasant or merchant. Quite evidently they have very little confidence in the "century of the common man," blessed with a "people's peace"; they do have great faith in strategical frontiers. Self-determination of peoples, when it runs counter to the establishment of such frontiers, sounds to them like mush. "For the Soviet Union," says a dispatch to the New York *Times*, "the situation of the Baltic republics after victory is outside of discussion."

The meaning of this is perfectly simple. Russia, if we are all victorious, will not tolerate even talk of an independent Esthonia, Latvia or Lithuania. She will furthermore demand a large portion of Finland (to protect her Karelian Isthmus). Stalin has "pledged himself to the resurrection of a strong, independent Polish State," but that state is not to include any substantial part of White Russia or the Western Ukraine. In other words, a large fraction of pre-war Poland must become Russian. Further south, a piece of Rumania, including the delta of the Danube and the Carpathian watershed, has also been earmarked for absorption into the Soviet domain. If ever hostilities in the Far East should actively involve Russia, a slice of Manchuria sufficient to protect the western approaches to Vladivostok would doubtless be added to all the rest.

From a strictly realistic point of view, it must be granted that such claims are reasonable—if not moderate. Had Stalin not acted to consolidate his European frontier by taking a piece of Poland in 1939, and then by absorbing the Baltic States before last June, the Russian armies now might well be in far more desperate pass, and we should all be worse off. Strategically, in the eyes of common sense, the Russian claims are not only just, they are traditional, and reflect precisely the same foreign policy as that of the Czars. If only the internal climate of the Soviet State were something to which one could, with any sort of free conscience, consign other peoples, such claims and aims and demands would have to be accepted unequivocally, as proper protection for a great nation possessed of long frontiers without natural defenses. There are times when small nations' hopes for independence simply do not correspond with reality.

Obviously, at the present juncture the governments of Great Britain and the US cannot refuse to accede to these Russian demands, and grant their validity "in principle." But in the conferences described by Viscount Cranborne as proceeding between London, Washington and Moscow "on the subject of post-war problems," something *must* be done to try to obtain reasonable guarantees for the internal application of the "four freedoms" to Russia herself, and at the very least to all annexed territories, and her effective adherence to *all* the provisions of the Atlantic Charter. Even assuming that such guarantees and assurances were hollow pretense, they would also be an opening wedge. And to every change there must be a beginning.

But quite apart from the specific political arrangements worked out in the conferences now in progress, we all owe Russia a debt of gratitude for throwing some useful cold water over too roseate dreams which can easily overlook bitter realities. If we think Russia's demands present nasty problems, let us, just for a moment, contemplate in specific terms of boundaries, colonies, politicians, institutions, armies, criminals, what we propose to do with the rest of Europe, when we get to policing it. Perhaps it would be an idea for peace planners to set up a tough-minded institute for practical politics, especially to compound the right—and necessary—cold douche for every idealistic—and equally necessary war-aims speech. We cannot always rely on the Kremlin to do our dampening for us.

The Daily War

THE newly inducted soldier wakes in a dawn rose-fingered—and often not—as a man wakes in a train not knowing where he is. And if

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there are deaths and births at that same instant all over the world there are also, then, men awakening from sleep and poised in novel consciousness as if their grave and uncertain souls were being launched inhabitually and for a first time into the world. Beware of that terrible moment before men grasp the flying trapeze—swing off to the day, to the fields, to the factory, to the office, to the war. It is from the loneliness of that moment that they enter the world; that loneliness is the standard by which they measure the world.

The wheels of the day start turning and man carries his solitude with him into the day. He enters each day from the immeasurable distance of sleep and each morning there is this lucid fraction of time in which he perceives not the day and the world but, first of all, himself. Each day, monotonously, he enters a new and strange world. It is because he comes from so far each day into a new world that his mind is occupied at once with those aspects of the world that are most immediate. Each day there is this staggering burden of the habitual which he must assume—motion, light, sound, touch. Each day also he must renew the hazardous equilibrium between his individuality and his fraternal solidarity with mankind. Each day he finds this stranger his wife, this stranger his child, these strangers his friends. Each day he encounters, inexplicably unforeseen, pain and delight, evil and free will. Each day he must accept or refuse the presence of God.

It is well to remember that men are thus prodigiously and daily engaged in meeting the immediate and the inevitable. It is because this pressure is upon them that catastrophe until it touches them is unperceived and that grief is dimmed with time. It is for this reason also that the war itself and the news of the war reach preoccupied minds and that memory of the war is short. Who is concerned with Java now, with Burma, with the Coral Sea? The consciousness of man is saturated by his personal experiences. A fact remote from this experience does not strike his hearing like thunder overhead; it comes to him like a meteorological bulletin from a distant region. Its import depends on the intellect. Tragedy comes to him like a story told.

Much of the confusion and flurry about the morale of the American people, much that is excessive in the propaganda made to strengthen morale, comes from a failure to make this distinction between the limitations to man's sensitiveness and the unlimited possibilities of his will and capacity to understand, reason and decide. In spite of all rhetoric, in spite of all the dramatic facts which are presented to us in picture and in word, in spite of the grave issues indubitably at stake, the war—in its present stage—must remain, not unfortunately, outside the immediate emotional perceptions of most Americans. This is the fact which horrifies those who, in complete innocence, would propose hatred, violence and hysteria as suitable and desirable proofs of the nation's consent to the nation's action. These enthusiasts for a disorder, which would deeply prejudice our pursuit of the war in justice, regret that deep in the heart of Texas, Iowa, and New York City there should still be relative calm. It remains, however, that this war is for Americans a matter of will and determination. Our undertaking is deliberate; our arrangements to meet force with force are being pursued deliberately; our war aims are based on a determined and conscious search for justice. For our success in this war there is no need to demand or to provoke emotional excitement.

Success of the Appeal

EXCEPT for the fact that a steadily improving renewal rate indicated a lively interest on the part of regular readers of THE COMMONWEAL—coupled with the past generosity of so many COMMONWEAL readers—we had no idea how successful the appeal launched in these pages last February would be. It is highly gratifying to be able to report that as we go to press some 515 individual readers and groups of readers have contributed $5,379.40 toward assuring publication of THE COMMONWEAL during 1942 and 1943. These contributors represent not only Catholics from all parts of the country and from every walk of life, but also friendly readers of other faiths. Many of the letters which accompanied these contributions could hardly have been more encouraging. In other words, although the campaign has not yet attained the necessary $10,000 goal, it has achieved considerable success. The fact that only a few more contributions will completely insure continued publication during the difficult summer months leads us to discontinue the Associate campaign in the pages of the magazine, at least until the fall. To the hundreds of readers who have so promptly and generously rallied to the support of THE COMMONWEAL we express heartfelt thanks. We know they welcome this news of the campaign's success. To those who have been meaning to send in a contribution we urge prompt action, that summer publication may be completely assured.

PHILIP BURNHAM, one of the two Editors of THE COMMONWEAL and President of the Commonweal Publishing Company, has been inducted into the United States Army. Our readers will miss his keen political analyses, just as we who remain will miss his sound counsel and intelligent initiative.

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The Wehrmacht in 1942

An appraisal of its make-up and morale.

By J. Paar-Cabrera

IN THE First World War the German Army felt it had not been defeated in the field; it held that it was forced to accept the terms of peace dictated by the Allies, because the staunch German civilian population revolted.

The nazi government has bound the German civilians and the Wehrmacht into an orderly conglomeration of fighting units, of arms and ammunitions workers and of crop-raising peasants. All central, southern and southwestern Europe has been conquered, enslaved, and is being mulcted systematically of all its resources and products, so that the Germans may eat abundantly, fight and work to keep the fight going. But in spite of the ruthless nazi suppression of all German class and group privileges, the old German caste system and its subdivisions, as they were before the First World War and under the presidency of Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, survive in the psychology and in the hope of the majority of the German citizenry.

To understand this viewpoint, totally alien to the American way of thinking, it is necessary to recognize that the German class system was not based so much on privileges of birth and wealth as on family specialization of activities. For the German aristocracy of old followed a very rigid creed of service, which left little room for pleasure or display, and progressive taxation swallowed most of the large incomes.

In the German class system, the young man of an historical family served in the army or in the diplomatic corps, as his forefathers had done through the centuries. The son of a Junker landowner invariably selected a military career, and in late middle age returned to his lands. The families of recognized scientists, writers, artists and musicians formed another closely knit social group. The bankers, the financiers, the outstanding manufacturers were almost invariably the sons of bankers, financiers and manufacturers, and married daughters of bankers, financiers and manufacturers. The university professors formed the so-called university aristocracy. Teachers and government employees constituted another social group. A store-keeper would have been grieved and shocked if anyone had told him that his son could leave the family store, and forsake the opportunity of inheriting it eventually. The professional caste enlisted only occasionally outsiders. Each trade was virtually a guild. Every artisan was respected by the younger specialized workers, and considered himself the repository of some supposed and some true artisans' secrets, which he communicated only to worthy apprentices. The peasants of most villages did not care to mingle with strangers, but helped each other in time of stress; and so forth.

Altogether it was a rigid, pedantic system, offering little variety, leaving nothing to chance. In overpopulated Germany it proffered no opportunity whatsoever to the clever and the schemer, but it insured a permanent livelihood for everyone, according to his ability, training and background. An inevitable feature of the system was that it developed in every social group special mental characteristics, habits, qualities and faults.

The morale of the German lower classes

The young workers have proved most receptive to nazi training and nazi propaganda for several reasons. They are too young to know what Germany was like before the First World War. They identify freedom and democratic electoral rule with the hunger and distress endured by them under the post-war German Republic. For various reasons out of the present theme, they never ate regularly until Hitler came to power. They are intensely and arrogantly proud of their nazi-sanctioned equality with the upper classes. Besides their present diet, in the Wehrmacht and in civilian life, which is the best in Europe, they appreciate rapturously the swimming pools in every industrial plant, the vacations with pay, the government subventioned excursions, etc. Having only a primary school education in a country where the newspapers publish only news endorsed by the nazi censors, they don't know of anything better for workers than Hitler's rule. They fervently hope to become the *Herrenvolk,* the ruling and predatory master race of the non-Asiatic world, and they are all behind Hitler for having made them such a promise.

But, in spite of their smashing energy, they have in them the naïve streak characteristic of all the young fellows of their nation. They would feel lost if Hitler should suddenly disappear from the scene of German politics, through death or

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removal. Altogether, their opinions are entirely different from those of their fathers and older brothers, who still entertain the old German belief that security is worth more than a long chance, and that one's future, modest as it may be, must not be gambled—not even for a stake as dazzling as the one dangled by Hitler before the German people. Young German workers furnish 80 percent of the effectives of the Schutz Staffel, black-coated divisions fighting on the Russian front, and are the military branch of the Nazi Party.

The young German peasants, on the contrary, still recognize the full authority of the Junker officers, and particularly of the generals of the Junker caste; because the peasants, born in or near the lands of the Junkers, have learned to obey and respect them for generations. The German peasants fill chiefly the ranks of the regular army divisions of the Wehrmacht. Wherever they have been quartered in rural France, they have got along fine with their unwilling hosts, who are peasants like them. If a showdown between Hitler and the generals should ever take place, the peasant-soldiers will side with the latter.

The middle class

A government like the nazi doesn't have much use for the liberal professions and for the liberal arts. Just before the outbreak of the war, thousands of artists, attorneys, etc., were forced to enter factories as workers, and today men of the German middle-class must go to a workers' pool if they want to take a swim, etc.

The trouble with German middle-class young men is that they study too hard; they are raised too carefully and in too sheltered surroundings; and they don't go in for much exercise. The foreigner who meets them is impressed by their learning, by their fine principles, by their sincere wish to be of service—and can't but notice that they would be almost helpless in a strange crowd. In the old German order of things, the young middle-class German was protected, and allowed to develop slowly into a man who was, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, an asset to the community.

The nazi system, on the contrary, slams him for six months in the labor battalions, where the rougher and brawnier young workers make life the opposite of Heaven for him. From 1812 up to the present date, practically all reserve commissions in the German Army were filled from the middle-class. The redoubtable German sergeants were easy on the middle-class recruits, in whom they saw their potential subaltern officers of the next year.

Up to a few months ago, German sergeants obtained commissions only by deeds of extraordinary gallantry. Otherwise, the grade of lieutenant-sergeant—something like chief of top sergeants—was the limit of their ambitions. Now sergeants automatically become full-fledged lieutenants after the prescribed period of duty. Soldiers showing special aptitudes are picked out from the ranks, regardless of education and previous training, and sent to the special schools for subalterns. The middle-class German—even with a Ph.D. or a prosperous store—who wants to become an officer must compete with all the other privates of his outfit in doing the best work under fire.

Altogether, the middle-class soldier of the Wehrmacht should have every reason for being resentful against nazi rule—if he does not too vividly remember his starved childhood—and if he does not hope to barter his losses of standards and opportunities for some comfortable and remunerative position as a representative of the *Herrenvolk* in a conquered country.

The upper classes

Among them, the worst hit by the nazi reforms is that of the Junkers of East Prussia, who had unremunerative estates and yearly government subventions which they mostly spent in Berlin during the presidency of Field Marshal von Hindenburg. For their subsidies have been stopped and their estates partitioned. On the other hand, the wealthy aristocracy and the financiers, supporters of the nazi régime, enjoy all the privileges that money can buy and pull insure. All the members of the medium and small *Nobilität* have still some money, or at the least a piece of productive land and houses where they are able to isolate themselves from all unpleasant contacts.

The recognized scientists useful to the government—the university professors who do not contradict nazi doctrines—are very much in favor.

Being very cold-headed and practical, the members of the German upper classes who really count realize that they can't get rid of Hitler, as long as the war lasts, even if they had the means to do so. For a fanatical Moslem pilgrim to Mecca confronted by a sudden transformation of Mohammed's tomb into a pig—or a curator of a museum of natural history confronting the changing into whiskey bottles of a priceless collection of four thousand year old skulls, or of the two million year old fossilized frame of a prehistoric monster—would not be as shocked and morally defeated as an average lower-class soldier of the Schutz Staffel on learning of the death or fall from power of Hitler.

The young noblemen and the financiers' sons have dealt with footmen, tenant-farmers, stable-grooms and chauffeurs since the days of their childhood. Consequently they know what to do in the rough familiarity of the Labor Battalions. In the Wehrmacht the financiers' sons usually manage to get soft berths. The young noblemen

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forge ahead; for their atavistic military instinct and the tutoring imparted to them for years by their officer fathers make useful military leaders out of them.

A minority

The above scrutiny of German morale, and of the Wehrmacht's morale at the time of the war, prove that the nazi unitarian and equalitarian doctrine at home has conquered the minds of only a minority. It proves also that serious petrels of strife exist, and that such strife could eventually split the government of the Third Reich and paralyze the German war effort.

But for the time being, the German nation is very much in the war because, strange as it may seem, the prestige of Hitler and that of his temporarily cast-off Junker and non-nazi Generals did not suffer from the disastrous outcome of the decision of Hitler and his cabinet to take Moscow by storm at the beginning of the last Russian winter, and by the hardships and set-backs suffered by the German Army, fighting on the whole an infantry rear-guard action during the following months of sub-zero temperature.

Why? The answer is simple: because the Germans are what they are. Nazi equalitarian propaganda has tried to pit the German populace against the aristocracy, of which the Junker generals are the fighting exponents, but the prestige of the Junkers is backed by a hundred years of no mean military achievement, and no propaganda can blind the average German to the fact that the streak of victories was broken when the nazi politicians imposed their views on strategy on the General Staff.

Hitler, however, makes one think of the melancholy assertion of Napoleon in St. Helena: "If I had done for the Germans what I did for the French, the Germans would have never forgotten nor forsaken me!"

Hitler appeared in the maelstrom of German politics when Germany, humbled but not broken in spirit by the First World War, was starving, hopeless and resentful. To a nation of soldiers, he promised not only victory, but supremacy over the entire world. Thereafter, over the trampled borders of alien countries, he brought them from victory to victory, and today the remainder of Europe starves, while the Germans are sufficiently fed.

It will take more than a few blunders, more than several major setbacks to induce the Germans of today, no matter who they are, no matter what they think, to turn against the man considered by some of them indispensable, by others uneliminable, and still others as the builder and symbol of their skyrocketing fortunes. Because the Germans of today have their atavistic good and bad qualities, have been hardened in hunger and want and because they nurse a fierce hatred of democratic freedom without food, hope or pride —the kind of democratic freedom into which they they were plunged for years by the Peace of Versailles.

The minorities exiled or oppressed by the nazis are too small numerically, compared to the 88 millions banded under the Swastika. The German underground movement is, likewise, too unimportant numerically.

There's another and all important factor, which will prod all Germans to fighting desperately, in victory or in defeat: the hatred in the conquered countries. The Russians, the Poles, the Czechs, the Lowlanders, the Serbians, the Greeks—there is practically no German, man, woman or child, who's not convinced that these people would destroy them if they could invade the Fatherland.

Such a German belief—likely to make it difficult to defeat the Wehrmacht and the nazis—likely to prolong the war for years in the event of an Allied victory instead of a stalemate or worse—would cease to exist if Great Britain would renounce its promises of revenge, and of endorsement of the plans for revenge of the nationals actually under nazi domination—and if, in 1943, America could send to Europe an expeditionary force large enough to help its allies protect the German borders from all armies of invaders bent on murder and destruction in the event of a German surrender.

Rig For Church

By SPEER STRAHAN

SOME MONTHS ago I sat in a pleasant club in Honolulu amid the fragrance of anthuriums and oleanders, with a number of priests in the uniform of the United States Navy. Two of them had been in the service many years, a third, a "boot chaplain," half reclined in a great chair like the scriptural Ruth, "praising God with sweetest looks." He was running over with zeal and high spirits; it was plain his own blue-jackets and officers were well cared for spiritually. "I tell you what, Larry," said one of the older men, "it would be great if you could slip around to some of these other outfits and spend a few days hearing confessions." The youngster was enthusiastic, but how would his offer of services be received, say by other CO's? No difficulty, they'd appreciate having you come. But how get there? That too was easy, just ask for a boat. Delighted. Tomorrow morning, directly after Mass, he would be off. The fashion in which the older man made these suggestions, the light that shone in his blue eyes as he anticipated two or three days' "run" of confessions was engaging. It was like the light in the eyes of a fisherman, or a hunter on a crisp autumn morning. The phrase of Saint Gregory

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the Great seemed made for such a man, *venator animarum*.

Father Will Maguire's story* of twenty-five years afloat and ashore as a chaplain in the Navy provides an extended and illuminating commentary on that phrase. Even at this late date to many Catholics the priest in the Navy is an exotic and rare bird. He must be an officer with his brother officers, he must share the common life of the wardroom and the forecastle, the common responsibilities with other officers of the command. Yet he must be something more than any of his shipmates aspire to be; he must keep his priesthood unspotted from the world.

A perilous life

The life is perilous to a man without solid character. More than any of his brother priests sacrifice must he give up, and little does he get in return save the promise of an old age secure from want, which incidentally he scarcely ever lives to enjoy. The attractive little church in the country that floats in the dreams of curates is not for him, the love and devotion of the throngs of Catholic people in great city parishes he must renounce. The consolation of reserving the Blessed Sacrament is ordinarily denied him, frequently he must offer his Mass in the severely restricted space, one might say, "aptitudinal extension," of his own cabin. If a solid and passionate preference for the things of God can fill his heart and imagination to such an extent that he can spend hours as mess officer, recreation officer, library officer, and in that "paper work" of officialdom which is the hairshirt of sensitive souls, then his apostolate is assured. His life will not be lacking in the compensations of the gospel.

There have been great "padres" in our Navy since the days of the Civil War. The roster of great names includes Father Parks, "Ironsides" Rainey, Monsignor Chidwick, Monsignor John Brady, but so far as I know Father Maguire is the first to present a full length picture of what the days of a chaplain's years are like. Hence his account has a permanent value to the service, and a special contemporary interest now. Had such a book as this been available fifteen years ago it would have given the *coup de grace* to the agitation begging that commissions and uniforms be taken from the chaplains, and that they work among the men as civilian clergymen. Anyone who knows the armed services intimately knows that the service chaplain has a particular power and prestige from the fact that he wears the same dress, lives the same life, shares the same hardships and fun with his men. They know the "padre" whom they respect is in the service because he is concerned about them, but beyond that, loves God better than anything else in the world. The willingness of both Catholic and non-Catholic boys to help the chaplain in numberless ways is the recognition of that gratitude beyond anything that can be put into words. In spite of the loneliness, the weariness of soul and always being on the move, the priestly privations, the service chaplain has a full and rich life, and needs no one's pity.

*Rig For Church. Captain (Chaplain) William A. Maguire. Macmillan. $2.00.

A full life

At any rate Father Maguire, according to his own testimony, has had a full rich life so far. A native of that far western New York Hornellville that dropped its suffix to proclaim its maturity, the book opens on a nostalgic note of a late nineteenth century childhood in an era of Cleveland baroque and new-fangled trolleys. After his undergraduate years at Seton Hall, he passed to Catholic University and graduate study in Latin, thence to Louvain where six years of ecclesiastical studies prepared him for the priesthood. His deacon year (1914-15) was spent behind the German lines in war-scarred Belgium, he was ordained by the papal nuncio, came home to be made curate in a populous Jersey City parish, made friends with Joyce Kilmer who had recently become a Catholic, and was having the time of his life as a curate in Montclair when America entered the war in 1917.

Some time before he had applied for permission to join the Army, but could win from Bishop O'Connor only the promise that he would be released if we went to war. April 6, 1917, as soon as the Holy Saturday services were over, he drove his Ford to the Bishop's house, where the venerable prelate himself answered the door, with the words, "Well, William, it's you. I thought you'd be back." So armed with official letters he hurried off to Washington, was persuaded by Father Louis O'Hearn (who managed the appointments of chaplains those days) to apply for the Navy instead of the Army, and thence back to New Jersey a full-fledged officer of the armed services. He gave away his Irish terrier, sent "my old leather chair" home to his father's house in Bethlehem, was fêted by the Ancient Order of Hiberians who gave him a chalice and a set of green vestments, and reported for duty with two trunks and a mandolin at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Father "Will" saw service in World War I on the *Maine*, at Brest as hospital chaplain, with the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow. Later he served with the Atlantic fleet in Mediterranean waters and the Black Sea, at the naval air-station at San Diego, in the "Asiatics," in the southern Pacific. In brief he has been every place the American Navy has been in the last quarter century, and that does

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not leave out much of the inhabitable globe. Finally he was at Pearl Harbor on that dark second Sunday of Advent.

Good stories

The book has many good stories in it, any one of which is worth the price of admission. One might single out the incident of Christmas Mass on the *Maine,* when all the bluejackets remained as if bound in their pews after the *Domine non sum dignus,* in order that the ship's five best boxers, "the champs of the fleet," might have the honor of being first at the communion rail; the story of the lovable Irish Franciscan, Father Juniper Doolin, who was anxious to brush up on French and German at Brest but was dubious about his Chinese, only to be discovered later talking fluently with Chinese coolies in their own language, as they stood "with tears of joy streaming from their almond eyes." Juniper had forgotten to mention he had been a missionary many years in China before becoming an Army chaplain. So Father Maguire was with the Annapolis midshipmen when they visited the Vatican in 1935 and gave a 4-N yell for the Holy Father, on which the great Pope set the sign of his infallibility by smiling and clapping his hands, "understanding that this was the American collegiate way of rendering high honor." He dined in state with the King of Siam in company with Dwight Davis, he has an edifying account of how a Scots Presbyterian built a cathedral for the Catholic bishop of Chefoo, his description of the funeral of "Padre" Gleason at which Cardinal Hayes and two hundred priests assisted in St. Patrick's in New York in 1925, is evidence that the labors of a priest in the Navy do not go unappreciated by his own. Yet the reader learns of Father Maguire's own citations for bravery only from the fine preface written for the book by a brother officer, Captain Barry Wilson.

An incident

In 1926 one morning his ship lay off Almeria, on the southern coast of Spain. Jim Haggerty, the gunner's mate, was "going on and on" about his sister, who was a nun, when it become apparent that a boat, flying the Spanish ensign of red and gold, was standing out to meet them:

> The oars were manned by sailors of the Royal Navy. It struck me that this must indeed be a visit of importance. My binoculars then revealed two little nuns seated on a thwart near the coxswain.
>
> They passed the word of their coming to our commanding officer who was below in his cabin. He hurried up the ladder, and reaching the well-deck just as the whale-boat came alongside. The gentle nuns in their austere habits slowly climbed aboard. You might have heard a pin drop on the steel deck as the American sailors waited for their arrival on the top grating of the gangway. A bit out of breath and a little shy, they smiled as they stepped aboard. One of them was unmistakably Spanish, and we soon discovered she was old enough to be feeble. She spoke no English. Her companion, a young Irish nun, full of the spirit of youth, acted as interpreter.
>
> They were Little Sisters of the Poor, and they came to beg for their old paupers who dwelt in the *Asilio* on the hill overlooking the city of Almeria. The Irish nun pointed it out to us, as we grouped near the torpedo tubes. It was not so much money they wanted as food: sugar, coffee and especially canned fruits. This was expensive in town, they said, but "the old men liked it; it was good for them."
>
> The Captain sent for his commissary steward and told him what to do. By this time several of the deck force came aft to greet the Sisters. They said they were sorry to be "broke," but they felt something might be done to help them out. While the Captain spoke with the Spanish nun, Jim Haggerty was telling the little Irish nun about his "kid sister" who had recently become a religious in Philadelphia. . . . As they stepped over the side [with an ample supply of provisions from the mess], they thanked the Captain, and promised to pray for us. A few minutes later they waved a cheery farewell as the oars of the Spanish seamen swept them across the white-capped Bay of Almeria.
>
> That evening at dusk, as we stood out to sea, I rather felt that many eyes of the crew were turned toward that white Asilio on the hill beyond Almeria. Some of us knew it was the hour of evening prayer.

As one reads these lines, he feels the evening sunlight gleaming on the brightwork, the motion of the sea itself, the straining at the halyards, and something of the unexplainable exaltation that fills your true sailor every time his ship stands out from the land. The above incident is not unjust to the book's quality of charming directness. When Father Maguire rides in a Ford, or smokes Blue Boar, or visits Father Jim Sherry to preach at Benediction (without false garnish of language), he simply says so without false garnish of language. And since the book is written in the way that men of active temperament live and write, when they are at their best, I think Sir Walter Scott would have enjoyed reading it. If so, that is sufficient praise.

If the two topics of religion and the Civil War were barred in happy wardrooms of the old fleet, that does not mean the service chaplain among his brother officers need ever be regarded at anything less than the value that he sets upon his own priesthood. The very word "shipmates" (*commensales et sodales*) comes to have an almost sacramental significance for those who live and serve together, and the reverence for the sacred character is never lost, as evidenced by the gunnery officer who asked to have his battleship blessed, with the words, "Padre mio, get your book and holy-water. It can't do it any harm."

Some bishops may regard this as a bad book, a very bad book, indeed. Not from anything Father Maguire's memoirs contain, but in that they may have a dangerous effect, even in peace time, upon young high-hearted priests. This book may make them want to set down and write letters asking permission to join the Navy.

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A Page of Verse

Let April Come

Now that we can no longer dream and sleep
Careless of freedom, because we too have sinned,
Nor take our ease but must arise and reap
The whirlwind, who have blindly sown the wind,
With death beside, peace a sudden stranger,
In this new apprehension, do we need,
Oh, more than ever in defeat and danger,
The green, delirious triumph of the seed.
Invincible with the secret of creation,
Let spring return, her artless squadrons hurled
Through hazardous skies in ardor and elation,
To fly in faith above a garrisoned world:
Let April come, when even death must pass
Between renascent boughs and resurrected grass.

ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE.

Write It upon the Stars

On hearing the report that laymen in nazi-occupied Poland may carry the Eucharist and administer it to the sick and dying.

This is the first of the Divine reprisals—
Write it upon the margin of the year,
That when our days are told in some far epoch
The splendor of its shining may appear:

As the first Christians bore the precious manna
Into the twisted thoroughfares of men,
So now the simple poor, the unanointed
May touch, and hold, and carry Christ again.

Out of the catacombs of desolation,
The pain-flecked sky, the terror-tunneled sea,
They come, a ministry unarmed, defenceless,
Steeled to the stature of divinity.

Christopher bearing Christ across the water,
Tarcisius running down a Roman street,
Carried no braver hearts than these who, vanquished,
Still hold their spirit poised against defeat.

When pain lifts nations like a grail to heaven,
They will cup God, and peace for every pang—
This is the mystery of crucifixion—
On each lone cross a living Christ shall hang.

Write it upon the stars, the sun, the planets,
Without the need of metaphor or art—
This is a priesthood sorrow has anointed,
With laurel on its brow, Christ on its heart!

SISTER M. THÉRÈSE, SOR. D.S.

Episode Seven

With Buck still tied to the saw, on comes the light.
Lovers disengage, move sheepishly toward the aisle
With mothers, sleep-heavy children, stale perfume, past the manager's smile
Out through the velvety chains to the cool air of night.

I dawdle with groups near the rickety pop-corn stand;
Dally at shop windows, still reluctant to go;
I teeter, heels hooked on the curb, scrape a toe;
Or send off a car with vague lifts of a hand.

A wave of Time hangs motionless on this particular shore.
I notice a tree, arsenical grey in the light, or the slow
Wheel of the stars, the Great Bear glittering colder than snow,
And remember there was something else I was hoping for.

THEODORE ROETHKE.

Identification

These mountains of dismay
That we have come upon,
That throng the sky of day
And darken the sweet sun,
Are those, as time will prove,
That faith knows how to move.

DAVID MORTON.

The Immediate Beatitude

For others their beatitude must wait—
Mercy, the merciful; comfort, the mourner's brow:
The poor the skies even now compassionate;
Theirs is the kingdom now.

Not future recompense: their poverty
Is instantaneous good; its own reward:
Light-hearted, unencumbered, fearless, free—
What wealth can they afford?

What can they lack? In Him their happy trust,
Whose lilies outbrave gorgeous Solomon.
What should they strive to keep from moth and rust
Who treasure love alone?

The widest blessing! to the countless poor!
A bargain that the rich can only buy
Kneeling like camels at the postern door,
Squeezed through the needle's eye!

As heaven is theirs already, swings the earth,
Hung at their wrist, a gaily colored ball.
Safe in their Father's house, they know no dearth
Who, having naught, have all.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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Ears for Authors

By D. H. MOSELEY

IF IT is frequently your lot to lend ears when writing members of your circle are moved to read aloud from their manuscripts, you, too, may have found consolation in the thought that such has been the fate of authors' intimates from time immemorial. Had we the memoirs of the familiars of the Hebrew prophets and Greek poets, we would doubtless find in them numerous allusions to compulsory listening. Good old Horace admits that the custom of selecting and compelling an audience prevailed in Rome in his day. English and American writers might be expected to be less communicative, but such is not the case. Even the world's most accomplished listener, Boswell himself, demanded Doctor Johnson's ear when he had composed "a little epigrammatical song" on matrimony. "It is very well, Sir," remarked Johnson when he had heard it, "but you should not swear." Boswell thereupon altered "O! by my soul" to "Alas! Alas!" and I wager that the burly Doctor chuckled to himself over having used an effective damper. Boswell was more sensitive than most authors, perhaps; a suggestion from me rarely rates more than an annoyed expression and a fresh plunge into a manuscript.

I have come across one author's confession that he recognized himself as a tyrant: a delightful book on Coleridge is dedicated to a wife "who cannot choose but hear." But for that one wife ranked with the Ancient Mariner's victim, think of the thousands whose weary ears remain unsung! And not only wives but also sisters! There was Dorothy Wordsworth, for instance, constrained to listen to William and the whole school of Lake Poets. A peasant neighbor, speaking of her and her brother, once volunteered that "she was the cleverest mon of the two at his job and he allays went to her when he was puzzelt." He might have added that Coleridge, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb and Crabb Robinson often did likewise. Coleridge praised her taste as "the perfect electrometer," and, since it was when he was living at Nether Stowey near the Wordsworths that he and William published "Lyrical Ballads," it is fair to assume that he tested her talent to the utmost. Although she seemed forever occupied in observing nature for William, and in copying out his poems, she somehow found leisure to be a satisfactory listener for his friends. Crabb Robinson must have had proof of her ability to hear and understand, for, when he had read her own "Scotch Journal," a record of a walking trip with Coleridge and Wordsworth, he regretted that she had not set down her traveling companions' conversation rather than descriptions of the countryside. De Quincey, who found her charmingly deficient in "ordinary female accomplishments," said that, had there been no William, she would have merited a place in any biographical dictionary of the times. But, somehow, I can never forget that the day came when poor Dorothy could not give sustained attention to a book. Who can marvel?

Even more in requisition as a listener than Dorothy Wordsworth was the mother of the Bensons. Suppose you were not only the wife of an Archbishop of Canterbury but also the mother of a family of writers all writing books at the same time and having a pact not to read any of their works to each other, but each to read his or her every line to you, do you think that you would survive? If you chance on a sly sketch that Robert Hugh Benson made of his mother and captioned "Her Grace," you will have a picture of a lady who was nothing the worse for the rôle. Possibly she was thankful that Hugh was not reading to Arthur, for Arthur did not admire Hugh's style, nor Arthur reading to Hugh and boring him to tears, or one of the others reading to any of the rest. I can imagine it is easier to listen complacently than to have to settle the disputes that certainly would have arisen. But I can never forgive the lady her failure to leave explicit instructions on how to lend an ear as painlessly as possible.

Once I thought that I had chanced on some helpful hints on the art when I came across Sophia Peabody Hawthorne's "Journal," but I soon concluded that the hints would be more to the liking of the author than the audience. Imagine how set up Nathaniel was when he read over her shoulder under date of January 11, 1851; "My husband read me the preface to the third edition of 'Twice Told Tales.' It is absolutely perfect, *of course.*" (Italics Sophia's, not mine). Again: "Jan. 14. When the children had gone to bed, my husband took his manuscript ["The House of Seven Gables"] again. I am always so dazzled and bewildered with the richness and beauty of his productions, that I look forward to a second reading during which I can ponder and muse." And now for the model listener's entry: "16th. I looked forward all day to listening to my husband's inspirations in the evening; but behold! he has no more as yet to read." Truly, Sophia must have been the most indulgent wife that a genius ever had. Compare the following with the outpourings of Jane Welsh Carlyle: "I can comprehend the delicacy and tricksiness of his mood when he is evolving a work of art. He waits upon the light in such a pure and simple way that I do not wonder at the perfection of each of his stories." That Hawthorne set store by her sensitivity is evident from a note that he wrote about the proximate publication of "The Scarlet Letter": "My

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book, the publisher tells me, will not be out before April. He speaks of it in tremendous terms of approbation. So does Mrs. Hawthorne, to whom I read the conclusion last night. It broke her heart, and sent her to bed with a grievous headache, which I look upon as a triumphant success."

I regret to say that, under similar circumstances, any of our literary friends would be capable of enjoying a headache of ours. But witty Sophia Hawthorne had less pleasurable headaches due to listening, no doubt. Rose Hawthorne wrote gleefully of a long poem that Alcott read aloud to her father and mother, "a seemingly harmless thing, from which they never recovered."

Reading one's works aloud was the fashion in Massachusetts. Howells described Longfellow reading from the proofsheets of his translation of "The Divine Comedy" to Lowell, Norton and other friends until his dog and one of his audience fell asleep.

I have never been able to fall asleep. My authors are Argus-eyed, with two eyes on the manuscript and all the rest on me, and if I so much as nod, I am brought up short with a question, a purely rhetorical one, of course, for it is well understood that I'm to lend both ears but not my tongue. Did listening ever influence a writer, I wonder, and then take comfort in the thought that it did once, and that the writer was Robert Louis Stevenson.

Stevenson's father had exacted a promise from him never to publish anything without first submitting it to his wife. Probably the idea was Mr. Thomas Stevenson's own and not his daughter-in-law's, but she could scarcely have escaped anyway, for Stevenson, whose doctors frequently forbade him to speak, was an inveterate reader to the family circle. One night Stevenson dreamed three scenes of the story that was to become "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; he cried out in his sleep, and his wife, thinking that he had a nightmare, wakened him. To her dismay, she found that she was interrupting a thrilling experience, but he had the presence of mind to write out the substances of his dream just as Coleridge had done with "Kubla Khan." Then, for three days he worked furiously on the first draft. When he had finished that to his satisfaction, he rushed downstairs and read it aloud to his wife and stepson, Lloyd Osborne; then he was off again to continue writing. Mrs. Stevenson, although she was still distressed over having broken into such a novel nightmare, had the courage of her convictions; she wrote out then and there a criticism of the tale, calling attention to what she considered a mistaken treatment. She carried the note to Stevenson's room and left it. A few minutes later, he rang for her. She discovered him in bed, a thermometer in his mouth, and a pile of ashes on the hearth. He had burned the first draft. Was there ever such a husband! The story was quickly rewritten. In England alone nearly forty thousand copies were sold within six months.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson knew the trick, and so did Maggie in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." . . . "You had left the first draft of your speech at home, John, and I brought it here with—with a few little things I've added myself." A very improving "damn" or two, you remember. The conclusion is evident. We listen in silence, and then write what we would have said.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN the the ambitious hopes of the promoters of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, held in a New York hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria, on May 24, led them to order five hundred chairs to be placed in the palatial Sert Room of that great caravansary, in all probability their nearest and dearest friends (and hence their most candid critics) dismally prophesied the certain fall their inflated pride must bring to the project. At least, New York being the scene of so daring a venture, it is my guess that such must have been the attitude of the aforesaid candid friends of those responsible for the affair; for in a long experience of involvement, one way or another, with literary gatherings in our metropolis, especially those daring to concern themselves with Catholic interests, I have never known of one such enterprise that was given a good chance for success, in advance, by the average cynical New Yorker. Hence, when I chronicle the glad fact that more than seven hundred people tried to crowd into the Sert Room, experienced New Yorkers, at least, will, I think, share my own feeling that something like a minor miracle must have been wrought in favor of this particular celebration.

All the more, therefore, must I regret the fact that illness prevented my own attendance at what, from all accounts, and certainly in view of the profoundly important character of the project thus celebrated, must be hailed as perhaps the most brilliant and distinguished literary event in Catholic circles in our country in recent years. With Father Talbot, S.J., chairman of the Board of Governors of the Gallery, presiding, and the Very Reverend Monsignor Furlong representing Archbishop Spellman, the speakers included such authors as the historian Dr. Peter Guilday, the novelist, Sigrid Undset, the poet, Padraic Colum, the essayist and editor, Father Gillis, the philosopher, Jacques Maritain, and the biographer, Katherine Burton. But the speaker who above all was the bearer of the message of the day was, of course, Sister Mary Joseph, the chief foundress of this vital enter-

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prise. Doran Hurley, the novelist, in an article dealing with the gallery, most aptly links Sister Mary Joseph's achievement to the pioneering spirit of her congregation, the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, which was founded in 1812 in the United States, "on the frontier that was then the Kentucky of hunters and trappers and backwoodsmen. . . . It seems particularly happy that a nun of an Order that stemmed from the same beginnings as Abraham Lincoln should have been chosen as the inspiration of the Gallery."

Mr. Hurley is quite right. Such associations are of the very substance of such works of the imagination, such adventures of the spirit, as the idea of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors. There was the germ of a really tremendous idea in the dream which came to this nun now more than ten years ago, as a result of her own creative interest in literature, especially and primarily in literature springing from souls quickened by Catholic Faith, drawn from all the races and nations of the earth. Their books and their portraits and manuscripts and other material are now gathered at Webster Groves, Missouri, in one of the buildings of Webster College. It is hoped that New York may eventually find adequate ground-space and maintenance funds for the gallery, because New York is now the greatest literary and publishing center of all the world, and likely to remain so—always provided New York does not become subject to the nazi revolution.

What a dismal idea, however, to intrude itself on so happy an occasion as the remembrance of the celebration of May 24! So I hasten away from it to follow the vision of the great literary center which the Gallery may become, and will become if the enthusiasm of the celebration can be maintained and also made practical. In order that this result may come about, I trust that many of my readers will communicate with Miss Catherine M. Neale, at 45 Prospect Place, New York, N. Y. Miss Neale is the New York representative of the Gallery, and of the Friends of the Gallery, which aids in the promotion of this most vital enterprise.

The Stage & Screen

Razzle-Dazzle

GOOD SAROYAN is like good jazz: gay, spontaneous, unpredictable, irreverent, debonair. Or, when its mood is blue: nostalgic, importunate, tenderly desperate. When it takes itself too solemnly, jazz goes flat; and so does Saroyan. Like all Saroyan's books, "Razzle-Dazzle"—sixteen short plays with autobiographical prefaces—is a mixture of solid-sending and schmaltz (Harcourt, $2.50).

Saroyan's solid-sending is native American to its sneaker-soles. But, paradoxically, his most American insights derive from his outland blood—just as the classic analysts of American jazz are a Frenchman and a Belgian. Examine his most effective symbols: a kid bouncing a tennis ball; a tomboy walking on her hands; a Negro boxer punishing a punching bag; nickels ringing in a pinball machine; the spiral of a passed football; improvisations on a mouth organ; a coast downhill in a soap-box auto—we take these simple delights for granted, no longer notice them. But to Saroyan's fresh regard, they are important symbols of a good way of life. "Girls at the front of patriotic parades twirling shiny sticks and prancing around in joyous delirium; cheer leaders in crazy costumes breaking their necks with all kinds of acrobatics in front of half the population of the world; messenger boys riding bicycles lickety-split through heavy traffic and almost getting killed at every corner; all kinds of ridiculous and yet beautiful efficiency; people doing things smartly for no reason in the world; showing off; having fun; raising hell"—that's what makes America. Not makes it powerful and fearsome, perhaps, able to dictate its whims to people half way around the world; but makes it habitable. "No demand is more difficult to fulfill than the fierce demand of the world to be inhabited. . . . The job of art, I say, is to make a world which can be inhabited."

Saroyan's world is not all fun. Fun is Saroyan's symbol for love. The opposite of love is loneliness, whose symbol is hunger. The terrible, beautiful hunger of the body, and the yet more terrible, more beautiful hunger of the humble spirit for comprehension. The teacher in "Subway Circus" asks the pupil: "If a farmer has seven apples, and he gives away three apples, how many apples remain?" The pupil answers: "What kind of apples? . . . What color are the apples? Who is the farmer? . . . Where does he live?" Now it's the pupil's turn to ask a question: "Can you tell me what is a street? . . . Can you tell me why everything in the world is many things? . . . Can you tell me why I'm alone when I have a mother, a father, brothers, sisters, and the whole world full of people?" Another boy, in the haunting dream "Talking To You" shouts to the falling curtain: "What's the matter? What's the matter with everybody? What's the matter everywhere?"

What is Saroyan's answer? But he wouldn't be Saroyan if he gave you a straight answer. Or rather, if he didn't give you a dozen, ranging from sassy irresponsibility to messianic Rousseauism. In his own words, here is William Saroyan's basic abiding propaganda: "to reveal the essential goodness and humble greatness of people—to focus attention on the vast potentiality of all people for being human, for being kindly, and for enduring the experience of living with courage and dignity."

DAVID BURNHAM.

The Meek and the Masterful

IN SPITE of its sentimentality and touch of condescension about things religious, *"Tortilla Flat"* is an intelligent, charming movie. John Steinbeck apologized after his little book of stories about *paisanos* became popular: "But I shall never again subject to the vulgar touch of the *decent* these good people of laughter and kindness, of honest lusts and direct eyes, of courtesy beyond politeness. If I have done them harm by telling

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a few of their stories, I am sorry." He was not so sorry as to refuse to sell his stories to the movies. In any case ours is the gain. John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer, capturing the book's feeling for folklore, have written a script that retains the warmth and style of the original. Sam Zimbalist's production includes some excellent California scenery and has not prettified the *paisano* village in which our characters live and play and drink and pray. By keeping close to the Steinbeck characters, Victor Fleming has done an excellent job of directing his characters.

Our special group of friends among the paisanos (a mixture of bloods living for the past two hundred years in Tortilla Flat) is led by Pilon, whom Spencer Tracy portrays as the lazy, shiftless, lying, rationalizing hero of his pals. Danny is our main interest, because what little plot there is revolves around him—the sweet, likable Danny who loves so quickly and fiercely and who goes on wild drunks that land him in jail. John Garfield plays Danny to perfection, giving full justification for all the promise he exhibited several years ago when he first stepped into films. As Sweets Ramirez, the Portagee girl for whom Danny falls head over heels, Hedy Lamarr does her best cinema acting. With less emphasis on her beauty, but a beauty that is always there, Hedy makes this warm and fiery sweetheart a real person. The other pals are well visualized by John Qualen, Akim Tamiroff, Allen Jenkins. As a sentimental, modern Saint Francis, Frank Morgan walks off with the picture in his every scene and reminds us how cinema has wasted his talents. His simple, unaffected portrait makes the characterization unusually touching, especially in the church sequence at the presentation of the gold candlestick and the later sermon to the dogs among the redwoods. The rays of light descending from heaven are awfully Doré, but the character's sincerity might well inspire visions. All our group are religious—in their own way. They respect their priest, and he understands them. They talk to their saints because they believe in them. They might seem two-faced with their strange ideas about work which is the worst fate that can befall a man. (Pilon thinks marriage is still worse.) But they are honest in their simple way—and they are extremely happy even when they don't have two-bitses jingling in their pockets.

If you mention "fight" to anyone old enough to be going to the movies in 1914, he immediately comes back with *"The Spoilers."* For in that film was the classic example of a long, drag 'em out pummeling. We now have a remake of this Rex Beach story that once made cinema history. Kathlyn Williams was the lady for whom William Farnum and Thomas Santschi threw their weights around in the old version. Now, Marlene Dietrich plays the seductive Cherry Malotte—in a Mae Western manner, without Mae's proportions, but with many an invitation to come up sometime. Frank Lloyd's production (much grander than the old one of course) is still about the lawlessness that ran rampant in Nome in 1900. There are plenty of rough men, easy women, mud in the streets, gambling and drinking at Cherry's bar. There are kindly, square-shooting pals like Dextry

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(Harry Carey) and mean gamblers like the Bronco Kid (Richard Barthelmess). There is even a glimpse of a guy called Robert W. Service (played by himself) writing a poem about "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." But none of the characters have the glamor of Cherry who is stunning in a tight black dress with her blonde hair *à la Gibson*. And the glycerin tears that roll down Dietrich's face are wonderful to behold. The script, obviously not written for children, lets *doubles entendres* fly all over the place. At one time it almost seems as if law and order are coming at last to Alaska, but the new commissioners turn out to be a bunch of spoilers, and the rightful mine owners have to take things in their own hands. Brawling is the chief reason for "The Spoilers." There's a series of minor battles; but the whole picture is really a build-up for the big fight which comes off in grand style. Director Ray Enright goes to town for the exciting scrap in which John Wayne and Randolph Scott beat each other into insensibility. It's a fight that starts in Cherry's room on the second floor, falls down a flight of stairs, wrecks a whole barroom, carries the two bleeding, battered men right through a large plate glass window. It's a fight to the finish, a fight to end all movie fights, a fight so brutal and phony that you don't believe a blow of it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

A Few Blocks from Barclay Street

The Catholic Pattern. Thomas F. Woodlock. Simon & Schuster. $2.00

HERE then we have a book for which its author had the good fortune—not all authors have had it—to find a title as excellent as its contents, and a publisher to frame the triumph in the dignity of serious promise. I tender congratulations; for the title is quite often the gate to the garden which, in this case, gives its thoughtful reader more than one gratifying surprise; not the least being theology by a non-theologian; at least by one who, mistakenly as I think, thus makes an act of humiliation. Anyhow, the work is from a layman's pen and a newspaper layman at that. Would that we had more such surprises, even from Wall Street. The delightful shock of John Moody has in Thomas Woodlock just as delightful a repetition.

Since my own primary interest, apart, and yet not entirely apart, from my eternal salvation, is in conversions, I read "The Catholic Pattern" with the eagerness of a prospector looking for a vein of gold. The would-be convert-maker knows that each single prospect is "different," and that the book which fits the case has to be as "different" as the subject upon whom it is to be used. The old Bible Belt that Mr. Mencken used to shake up has noticeably shortened. Once we could talk in Scripture texts where now we must talk in applied psychology. Cardinal Gibbons did a literary and theological job for his day, but it has shortened with the Belt; though "The Faith of Our Fathers" is far from the end of its usefulness. But times make changed minds and the changed minds must be shown to be the same minds by approaching them on the modern paved roads over which they travel. "What book?" is a question always present when the convert-minded apostle of today—be he cleric or layman—finds a soul in the doubt that leads to despair. There was a time when all converts started on their happy way at scratch, with the Catechism; but most of them today break into the road at what appear to them more advanced points. Only later do they realize that the more advanced the points, the farther back they must travel to make the real start, which is always at the same Catechism.

Mr. Woodlock recognizes the situation and meets it well and attractively. His book begins as a sort of advanced Catechism and goes on to meet the need of those inclined to break in farther up. Some of them may read with profit the second part of the book before the first, but inevitably will have to go back to "who made the world." All life begins in the confiding humility of childhood.

There I go preaching, when I should be reviewing. Missionary bishops should stick to their preaching. Yet, "I dunno for sure." Should not missionary bishops, and every one else who is convert-minded, preach by reviewing, by writing books like "The Catholic Pattern," by story-telling, by versifying—in a word, by living always their interest? Mr. Woodlock, like Mr. Moody, discovered theological hide-outs on Wall Street. After that it would "seem as though" no honest and open-minded non-Catholic will be able to escape Saint Peter's net. What a world we would have, given these happy conditions, what a world to live in, and better still, to die in! I ought to be sorry that my review of "The Catholic Pattern" is not patterned after the style of real reviewers, but I am not a bit penitent. I like Mr. Woodlock's book almost as much as I like Mr. Woodlock. I see several jobs ahead for it and I have reason to feel that it will do them to the Eternal King's taste. What more could a missionary Bishop want? In truth and fact what more could anyone want, especially the good and noble soul who wrote so much of his learned and zealous self into his book?

✠ FRANCIS C. KELLEY.

FICTION

Islandia. Austin Tappan Wright. Farrar. $3.00.

ISLANDIA is a best seller. It is presented as the much cut Ms. left, at his death, by the author who composed it over a series of years. It is truly a pity that

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the daughter who did the cutting did not wield a hungrier pair of shears. She might have spared us at least one of the sexual tremors that, like a rising tide, flood these 1000 pages from mid-passage on. We are spared enumeration of the drinks of milk our hero took; why might we not be . . .? Well, that will date the writing; when "hetero-" was news and knees a novelty.

But for those who can stomach this and accept, as well, a vigorous anti-Christian philosophy, the yarn is an excellent one, a contemporary antipodean Utopia, such as the Falklands might have been, where the home farm descends in the family a thousand years; where there is contraception, no poverty, a patriarchal race of noble men and beautiful women; without art yet not artless, without science yet not brainless, without ambition yet not listless; homespun, horseback, at home the candle and the oil lamp.

In Islandia king marries commoner and the tenant is equal to the noble from whom he rents his land. There is no villain unless the fat German consul whose countrymen are arming the blacks over the mountains to the South (*Wouf! Wouf!*)

The case for this Utopia is admirably argued. True love triumphs. Indeed, the book is a long love story, "while the veering flaw doth blow the smoke now West, now South." EDWARD L. KEYES.

Put Out More Flags. Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $2.50.

IN THE present state of the novel, which resembles a river rushing through an industrial town like that in "The Waste Land," bearing with it

> . . . empty bottles, sandwich papers,
> Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends,
> Or other testimony of summer nights . . .

a new book by Evelyn Waugh ought to be a breath-taking experience. If "Put Out More Flags" is, in some respects, a disappointment, it still bobs up gallantly enough above the greasy tidewater of contemporary fiction.

Its author is probably the last of the great fops or dandies of modern literature—a distinctive and alluring lot which includes Baudelaire, Ronald Firbank, the early Huxley and T. S. Eliot. However much these artists seem to differ from each other, they have these things in common—taste, irony, a horror of platitude, a hunger for perfection, a certain snobbery of outlook, and above all, a precious aptitude for annoying the bourgeois mind. Mr. Waugh has all these characteristics, and has always had them since the days following the first War when, as a good-looking schoolboy, he produced "Decline and Fall." The fact that, in novel after novel since, he has depicted the death of a civilization with an incomparably light touch is no more against him than the fact that the late G. K. Chesterton has presented Catholic theology and philosophy in the same fashion. It is only when the dandy of letters becomes too obviously prophetic and serious-minded, like the later Huxley, that he becomes a bore, and worse than that, defeats his own excellent satiric purpose.

Some time during the early thirties, Mr. Waugh became a convert to the Church, but except for a not very significant study of Father Campion, his conversion does not appear to have made any perceptible alteration in his temperament or his style. Perhaps the author of "Vile Bodies" has always been more or less Catholic-minded in the sense that his attitude toward his English social environment has ever been one of ironic revolt. From that standpoint, "Vile Bodies" and "Decline and Fall" are probably his most effective novels, and, devastating though both were, they lacked the cold cruelty of "A Handful of Dust," admittedly a book about vicious people, but one which portrayed them with an almost equal viciousness. The two extravagant romances about Abyssinia, "Black Mischief" and "Scoop," were much more inconsequent in nature, and the present novel, though it deals with this war, is also on the light side.

One or two of the amiable wastrels of the earlier books flit like ghosts through its pages—Lady Metroland, Peter Pastmaster—but they are incidental ghosts, and the two outstanding phantoms from only yesterday are Basil Seal and Ambrose Silk, the latter a rather pathetic sketch of the "Uranian" temperament in wartime. As the author admits in his dedicatory letter to Major Randolph Churchill, he finds more food for thought in the follies of Basil and Ambrose than in the sagacity of the Higher Command; and so do Mr. Waugh's readers. Basil appears to be a throwback to the bright young man in "A Handful of Dust," or in one of Gide's novels; he does evil, as he makes money, not Satanically nor avariciously; but with absolute *malice* in the theological sense, for the fun of the thing. His doings are Mr. Waugh's up-to-date equivalent of the Gidean *acte gratuit.*

The book is almost entirely innocent of construction since Mr. Waugh has always adopted a rather *Je m'en fiche pas mal* attitude toward that art in his novels. It is inferior in sustained verve to "Vile Bodies," because the Maneuvers and *Evacués* incidents lag behind the London ones in interest and wit. For all that, it is a cup of water in the desert of this publishing season, an April shower in the waste land. CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Bright to the Wanderer. Bruce Lancaster. Little, Brown. $2.50.

THAT history repeats itself is a truism of which kings and underlings have often been ignorant, a cliché before which even some historians have maintained a stubborn and dubious distrust. Bruce Lancaster has observed well in linking three centuries in which the fight for freedom has moved men and avalanched attackers: the American revolution, the spasmodic revolt in Canada in 1837 and, by implication, the present.

There is the danger, in writing about any popular movement, of drawing the populace as intensely intelligent, swept on by unquestioned purity of motive. The novelist has avoided this distortion. He shows objectively, in all its ugliness, the control which the Compact held over Upper Canada—the existence of a vicious caste system based on "breeding" and finance, which permitted arbitrary taxation and land seizure, dominated an unrepresentative legislature, directed the suppression of free speech and a free press, limited educational and economic opportunities, and constantly hoodwinked the Crown. But there are figures in the novel, even in the anti-Compact group, who would compromise themselves into slavery, tolerating all the stupidities of the colonial policy, unable to choose between the two liberals drawn from actual history—Baldwin and Mackenzie. Here, too, Mr. Lancaster has been careful, and William Lyon Mackenzie appears, not as a flawless spirit, but as a vacillating idealist, magnificent, eager, honest, but with more sincerity than judgment.

Out of the wealth of characters who must appear in any large historical pattern, there emerge three of special appeal: Gilbert Stensrood, the young medical student

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Russia—Defense Houses—Sugar

Next week's issue provides another good sample of the caliber and variety of significant material published in THE COMMONWEAL every week.

COMMUNISM AND RUSSIA by Helen Iswolsky, daughter of the Russian statesman who was such an important figure in the days before the last war, and author of "Light Before Dusk," is an intelligent and well-informed analysis of the present day Russian viewpoint. It tells how the war has changed the status of Communism and Communists and describes the new role of official party members. It cites significant current news items from the official press and all in all casts much light on the actual temper of our brave military ally.

DEFENSE HOUSING by the noted architect and critic, Barry Byrne, is a highly factual account of the government's defense housing set-up. One of its most interesting aspects is the section devoted to the new "de-mountable" homes for defense workers. It also suggests that the progress made under the war impact in the production of small houses of the pre-fabricated variety may have a permanent revolutionary effect in that important field when peace comes.

SUGAR RATIONS IN DAKOTA by T. D. Lyons, another inimitable account of life in the Dakotas in the '70's. This time the Big Place was cut off from the outside world—except for the telegraph—for a period of eight weeks because of the snowdrifts. Don't fail to read how they managed until the Northwestern opened the Dakota Road.

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who knows that politics and professionalism do not mix, but who is swept into action by the sights which cross his eye, and by the conviction that good government is essential to decent living; Dr. Richland, his medical master, a free spirit with a great heart and a controlling head; and the American Josiah Stensrood, hot-headed, loyal and lovable. There are others: Flora, whose language is like "wind blown off a cornfield," patriarchal Barnabas, puzzled Stasia, who could not accept her family's definition of state right and wrong—but all are incidental to the action.

Incident is plentiful, and pulse-throbbing. The flight of the first Stensrood, a Tory judge, from Albany after the mob hysteria which followed Yorktown; the farcical "trial" of Innis, publisher of the Toronto *Aegis,* the coldness of below-sea-level cells, the idiocy of the prisoner after confinement, the directed verdict; the ninetieth birthday of Barnabas, climaxed when he quells the gang burning his son's effigy—because he had defended Innis—by thanking them for honoring the celebration with a bonfire; the secret growth of the rebellion, whispered meetings and daring rides, soldiers' small-talk before battle, the pitiful rout of untrained forces which stand too briefly at Montgomery's Tavern before the Compact's militia; the suspense-charged flights of Gil, after tingling experiences as doctor, spy and captive; the formation of the abortive army of invasion on Navy Island at Buffalo; the lonely fears of Stasia, constantly separated from her fiancé. Here are all the materials of active fiction.

There is no psychological fumbling; the emotions are simple and unadorned—fear, courage, love, greed, patriotism. All too many novelists probe too deeply when there is a story to be told. When Crusoe acts, he holds some fascination for the reader; when he sits and talks, to himself or his diary or his man Friday, he is a babbling blockhead. Fenimore Cooper, outdated perhaps because of the insufficiencies of his dialogue, was, nevertheless, a superbly exciting story teller. Merely for the sake of comparison, there is much of the best side of Cooper in Bruce Lancaster. There is much more of Bruce Lancaster himself. It is to be hoped that his will be as long-lived a career and appeal.

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN.

HISTORY

Mythology. Edith Hamilton. Illustrated by Steele Savage. Little, Brown. $3.50.

ONE hundred years ago mythology was part of literature. When Bulfinch wrote of ancient myths, his purpose was to furnish a companion to literature and to throw light upon the obscure places of English poetry for those who did not know the classical allusions. Since that time mythology has been annexed by science. (*blitzkrieg* is the modern description of what happened) and turned into a quarry for studies of the dark places of primitive folklore, cosmology, magic and religion, until its literary value has been generally either defaced or obscured.

The author of this book has set out to recapture mythology for imaginative literature. As she points out, Greek mythology was neither primitive nor magical. It was a product of a world which had left the savagery and terrors of primitive life behind. Even the earliest of the myths, as we have them, are the products of great poets, writing with conscious aims of clarity and grace, and using a singularly rich, subtle and beautiful language. Greek mythology throws very little light upon what

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primitive men were like. But it throws an abundance of light upon what the Greek imagination was like—a matter of more importance for us who are to so great a degree intellectually, artistically and politically, their descendants.

Her method is, after an excellent and stimulating introduction, to tell the myths briefly in as nearly as possible the words of the poet or poets who told each particular story best. Her taste is firm and discerning. She prefers the early poets who believed the myths to later poets like Ovid and Lucian who did not; and her brief notes on the style of each poet's passage are not the least enjoyable parts of the book. Her own style is clear, graceful, a little softer than the Greek or the Latin (as English is sure to be) but precise and economical so that her prose remains in the classic key. And it is extremely fresh. If a reviewer tells his readers that in these complicated times they will be interested by a book on Greek mythology and will count it time well spent, they will not believe him, I know. But he will be right.

I find it interesting to read these classical narratives again. In the first place they are true narratives, flowing, wholly objective, but sensitive. Their use of significant detail, and decorative detail, against the simple clarity of the movement, is at the opposite pole from the traits of modern poetry and prose. They leave out nearly everything that a contemporary would put in, both of thoughts and details. Their objectivity is refreshing. And their vitality is that of a spring flower—a trifle, perhaps, except it makes the heart glad. E. P. RICHARDSON.

SOCIOLOGY

Our India. Minoo Masani. Oxford. $1.75.

"ONE MAN in every five is an Indian. The age expectancy in India is twenty-seven. Only ten out of every one hundred adult Indians can read and write. India is rich. The sun and the land, the rivers and the rains and the mountains, but above all those crores and crores of men, women and children who live in it constitute its riches. . . ." The score of ten: seven till the land; one factory worker, one shopkeeper or clerk; one professional or business man. But sad to relate, one in three of the cultivators is a landless proletarian. The author's remedy: "Don't burn cow dung!" "Form cooperative farms!" "Don't import cloth!" "Turn iron ore into steel!" "Electrify the country!" "Make all the machines that are needed!" But who is going to do it? "YOU." But how? "The state or the government is the machine or instrument which does, or at least should do it."

Our criticism. The illustrations are the best part of the book. The style is simple but pedagogically sound. The author, however, over-simplifies the problem of India. He does not take into account the historical, political and social situation (as "My India, My America" does so well). The author might have pointed with pride to the quantity and quality production of Indian agriculture where bio-dynamic practices are followed. Chemical fertilizers are only a shot in the arm. Woe to the future of that land that is chemically treated. The author also is ever so naïve in applying cooperative (collective) farming. He does not distinguish or set the proper boundaries that make for efficient or inefficient farming. The shadow of the owner is the best soil builder and the work of a family on its own "vital space" is the most efficient way to farm. That method does not exclude cooperation with neighbors; it postulates cooperation. The author fails to distinguish between mechanized farming and motorized farming. They are quite different. Last but not least he fails to distinguish between the political state and the economic state. Totalitarianism is unwittingly advocated by the author. That will never solve the problem, but it will create greater ones. We dare suggest as the remedy: ownership of the land by the families who work it; proper methods of farming; self sufficiency in food, clothing and shelter; cooperation for credit facilities; cooperation as producers and consumers; balanced use of inventions and machines (it is better to let machines rust for a while than human beings rust); and incidentally, political and economic independence from any exploiting nation.

L. G. LIGUTTI.

More About Books

By ASSAYER

BECAUSE of the seasonal nature of American book publishing THE COMMONWEAL wishes to call attention to a number of volumes which it might otherwise be forced to neglect entirely. The quotations that follow are taken from somewhat longer reviews which were either too belated or hitherto unpublished by force of circumstance. The volumes in question cover a wide range of works, fiction and non-fiction.

In the field of the novel there is "Bindweed" by Betty de Sherbinin (Morrow, $2.50) about which Lulú Vargas Vila says, "It seems to be a story of courtship and marriage in the Argentine, an attempt to interpret the radically different customs and traditions of the Spanish American. . . . Why is it written in strange, stilted English obviously translated from the Spanish? The framework is there but the picture is missing." "A young girl's life in the countryside of County Kilkenny between the two wars" is the subject of "Never No More" by Maura Laverty (Longmans, $2.50), according to Harry Lorin Binsse. "The book exudes a feeling for the land and the arts and crafts and customs by which a simple people lives. . . . There is a strong dose of sentiment in the novel, mostly in the girl's deep love for her 'Gran.' From this book one would get the idea that an inordinate lot of children are born out of wedlock in rural Ireland." "Two Captains" by Benjamin Kaverin (Modern Age, $2.75) gives a rather Spartan picture of the young manhood of a son of the Soviets. This atmosphere of high purpose colors the well-told story of his love for Katya and all in all makes the book propagandistic in effect if not actually in the author's intent. It makes out Russian youth as particularly high-minded.

According to Paule Bérault "France de ce Monde" by Pierre de Lanux (Editions de la Maison Française, New York. $1.50) "is both moving and persuasive because of the charm of its style and the precision of its analysis. It is essentially the work of a cultivated man, cultivated in the literary, psychological and moral senses with which the representatives of the French tradition are impregnated. . . . The purpose of this little book is to show how 'French individualism' explains both private moral conduct and the French attitude toward politics, with its continuity and its weaknesses. . . . The central chapter is entitled 'The fate of France depends upon the fate of all.' And America also is included here." Paul Kiniery

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finds nothing significant in Sir Philip Gibbs's account of a recent lecture tour in the US, "America Speaks" (Doubleday, $3.00). "To one who has followed the writings of the author since World War I, the volume seems to represent a denial of all attitudes previously expressed."

Biographies continue to have a prominent place. One is "Mystery Ship" by George S. Bryan (Lippincott, $3.00) of which Philip H. Williams says, "Ever since the day in 1872 when the abandoned vessel [the *Marie Celeste*] was discovered 300 miles off the coast of Portugal, all efforts to explain the strange fate of the captain and crew . . . have not been able to arrive at the truth. . . . This is a tale truly nautical." Gove Hambidge, author of "The Prime of Life" (Doubleday, $2.00) is 50 years old. According to Emerson Hynes, Mr. Hambidge "lives in Washington, D. C., edits the Agricultural Year Book and plays badminton as well as horseshoe. He is thoroughly twentieth century. He enjoys the products of science. But his values are those of the simple life: creative work, contact with unspoiled nature, and secluded family life. . . . There is, however, a serious difficulty in the book. Mr. Hambidge has lived on a farm; even his house in Washington is on a large lot surrounded by a hedge. He can live in the city and retain his values. But how are the majority to know and live this good life?" "The Amazing Roosevelt Family (1613 to 1942)" by Carl Schriftgiesser (Wilfred Funk, $3.75) is rather turgid going until you get to Teddy R. and Franklin D. About the only amazing thing apparent about the earlier Roosevelts is that there were so many of them. The author hasn't much to say for Teddy but he is definitely in the F. D. R. column. Much of the material is of the gossipy type; much of the general social and political comment is discerning.

A Protestant study, "Francis of Assisi, Apostle of Poverty" by Ray C. Petry (Duke University Press, $3.00) is one of the most interesting of recent volumes. According to Rev. Robert F. McNamara it is "a monograph whose purpose is to present a methodical study of St. Francis's personal concept of poverty in his own apostolate, as evidenced by the sources illumined by the best modern scholarship. It must be conceded that Dr. Petry has succeeded in the task undertaken. He has taken the sources at their face value and does not hesitate to admit that 'that interpretation which makes of Francis the purveyor of an ideal in rebellion against the ecclesiastical institution is not one supported by the evidence.' . . . What struck the reviewer as the author's most serious fault is that he manifests an insufficiently clear concept of the relation between the actual voluntary poverty which Christ counselled and the spirit of poverty or detachment which He always inculcated. It is apparently this confusion that makes Dr. Petry dubious about the real value or significance of the career of St. Francis." According to Rev. Richard Flower, O.S.B., "Progress in Divine Union" by Rev. Raoul Plus, S.J. (Pustet, $1.50) is "a small book for the tepid amongst us who play around with many things, neglecting the one thing needful. . . . He divides his message into two parts: self-conquest and prayer. . . . 'Prayer, even the official prayer of the Church, is prayer only if it is a cry of the soul, if it comes from the heart.' . . . Dynamite also has its uses in religion; there is none greater than a virile love of God which will habitually refuse Him nothing."

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The Inner Forum

Margaret Sinclair

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites has granted permission for the introduction of the cause for beatification of Margaret Sinclair, a Scotch working girl who died near London in 1925. She was born in the slums of Edinburgh in 1900 and received only an elementary education. As a child she secured employment in the Waverly Cabinet Works. After serving her apprenticeship, she became a duster and polisher for the Scottish Furniture Co., for which she worked for seven years.

After the war she became interested in an ex-soldier and persuaded him to return to the Sacraments; shortly afterwards they became engaged. But on July 21, 1921, she broke off the engagement and went to London where she entered the convent of the Poor Clares. She was clothed as a Religious in February, 1924, and one year later was professed as an extern Sister (as Sister Mary Francis). Shortly afterward she was stricken with tuberculosis of the throat and died in the sanitarium of the Sisters of Charity at Essex on November 24, 1925, after months of patient suffering. The Sister who attended her declared that instead of complaining she prayed for the strength to endure even more intense pain. She referred to each painful coughing attack as "another wee bit of the Cross" and said of her suffering, which she offered up in expiation of the sins of men, "If I could only gain one soul for Jesus, it would be worth it all."

A month after her death Margaret Sinclair's body was exhumed and taken to Edinburgh, where it was interred in Mt. Vernon cemetery. When great numbers of pilgrims began making their way there, seeking her intercession, and when apparently miraculous cures began to be reported, the Archbishop of Glasgow ordered a second exhumation in 1928 to remove all doubts as to the identity of the body. Within four years of her death more than 100,000 persons from all walks of life in various parts of the world had petitioned the Holy See for Margaret Sinclair's beatification, among them Cardinal Cerejeira of Lisbon and Cardinal Hinsley of Westminster.

CONTRIBUTORS

J. PAAR-CABRERA has served in many of the world's armies, including those of Spain and France. For a time he attended military schools in Germany and has kept himself intimately posted on the higher personnel of European armies.

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D. H. MOSELEY lives in New Jersey and contributes to Catholic periodicals; some time back she wrote "Sunshine and Saints."

Most Rev. Francis C. KELLEY is the Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa. He has written a number of books, of which the best known are perhaps "Blood Stained Altars" and "The Bishop Jots It Down."

Edward L. KEYES, M.D., was one of the original group sponsoring THE COMMONWEAL and has written regularly for it ever since.

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